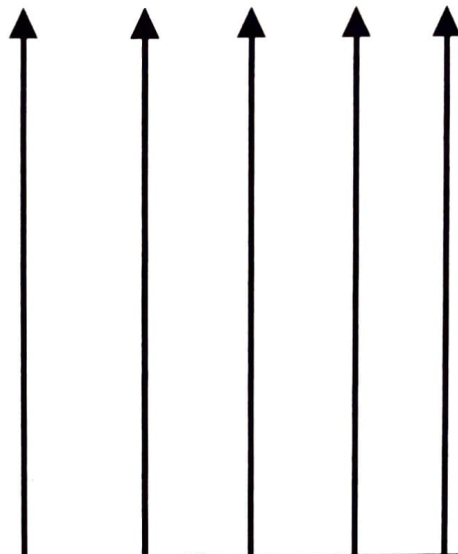


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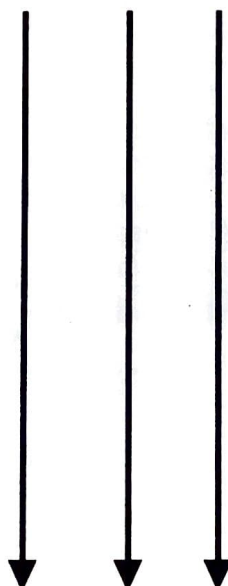


**Estrogenus
Feminitus**

*The Pleasant
Compromise!*



**Testosteronus
Masculinius**



m e n

Why bother preferring a gender when *both* have such wonderful qualities? We here at the OMEN say, don't *polarize*. *compromise!* By just flipping through these golden pages of luxurious prose you'll feel yourself becoming acquainted with *both* your halves, and won't you feel better for it? Who's to say men can't enjoy a good *romance* novel? What makes people think women can't enjoy a bloody bout of *war games*? Because when you read the OMEN, you're not only entitling yourself to the same printed page as your mysterious sexual counterparts, but you're putting aside *centuries* of *oppression* and *abuse* just to get some good home country reading. *HAMPSHIRE STYLE!* So whenever you get the hankering for an equal opportunity just read the OMEN and for a few moments you won't feel so *entrenched*. Thanks for reading.



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omen

Volume 19, Number 3
October 18, 2002

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THE OMEN DOES NOT

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover and back cover
by Brooks Reeves



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 7 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merrill C108, Box 853, x4481**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to ajm88@hampshire.edu.

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

You'd better believe
I am wicked italic.

Quote attributed to
Michael Zole



WANKY, SELF-INDULGENT CRAP

an editorial

Whenever anyone talks about the Hampshire community, I have to laugh, because we don't have one. Considering there are only about a thousand of us students, and we all have one thing in common, you'd think we would at least have some sense of camaraderie, but in my four years here that has not been the case. I've found this school to be almost entirely focused on the individual, with campus-wide society held loosely together by cliques and school-sponsored cliques known as "mods".

Hampshire students, we're into what we do, but we're very solitary about it. We do our work alone, and if we collaborate it's often with very tight groups. We're also hesitant to host events on campus, and when someone does we're even more hesitant to go. This is especially noticeable when it comes to presentations of other students' work. Every year many students finish their Div III projects. Most of them are actually fucking cool. But of the students passing Div III, few show their work publicly, and few other students show up to support them. I'm as guilty of this as anyone else; last semester I attended some really cool Div III performances, but they were all by people I know. Some other Div III people poster for their showings, most likely awesome showings, and I didn't go. The vast majority didn't poster at all, and who can blame them? I wouldn't have gone. I realize I'm generalizing here, but I'm not the only one who's noticed this.

I bring this up because the *Omen* is a good example, as are Hampshire student papers in general. What do *Climax*, *Apostrophe*, *In Black and White*, the *Permanent Press*, and the *Phoenix*

have in common? They're all student newspapers that, after years or just weeks, stopped publishing because they couldn't attract enough contributors to sustain their production. The fact that the *Omen* has survived for ten whole years is nothing short of astounding, making it all the more tragic that I'm currently running it into the ground. But even the *Omen* suffers from student isolationism. The *Omen* is here to print what you have to say, no matter what that is, and it's pretty clear that most Hampshire students have something to say, but very few of us use the *Omen* to say it. While we're not hurting for material (this issue is 28 pages long, you'll note), most people seem to think of the *Omen* as a publication that other people write for. I know there's more I could do to make the *Omen* seem more inviting, but I also know that I'm working against forces of lethargy that have been here since the school was founded.

One notable exception to the non-participation phenomenon is the end-of-semester film and video screenings. They're not always well-advertised, but you should check them out. What happens is, film and video students submit their works in progress, and everything is screened in FPH over several grueling hours. It's a bit like the moving picture equivalent of the *Omen*, but more grueling. A lot of the submissions are wanky, self-indulgent crap, especially the films, but there is enough great stuff to make it worthwhile. Besides, it's a rare opportunity to see what your fellow students are doing. Alternately, you could write an *Omen* article, or come to the Pub Lab and help me do layout. First-years take note.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



by Michael Zole, editor-in-chief

SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

ARAFAT'S WAR

The statistics are grim. Since September 29, 2000 Palestinian terror squads have carried out 14,267 attacks with guns and bombs, injured 4,497 people and murdered another 651 of which 70% were unarmed civilians. Of these, 15 were actually lynched. I still remember the day I saw on the front page of the morning paper the image of a Palestinian holding his hands drenched in the blood of his victims to cheering crowds in Ramallah. The bodies of the two men he had helped murder for being Jewish had been thrown from a second story window to the mob. However, what makes these statistics truly grim is that they are well out of date. Daily more men, women, children and elderly are attacked and murdered by cells who use wanton violence and intimidation to achieve their political ends. It is literally impossible for even a daily newspaper to keep track. By the time the newspaper in America reaches your mailbox, more people in Israel have been killed.

What is the political end that Palestinians are trying to achieve that necessitates beating two Jewish children to death in a cave with a rock or blowing up 29 people at a Passover seder? It can't be independence from Israel, Jerusalem or territorial integrity. Prior to September 2000, 95% of Palestinians were already independent from Israel living under the Palestinian National Authority

and they had a peace deal for an independent state. Jerusalem without the Jewish quarter, the Gaza strip and 97% of the West Bank. Arafat responded on TV with his famous "Go to Hell." His demands: total sovereignty of the West Bank and the expulsion of all 218,000 Jews living there. He rather go to war than live with a single Jew in his Palestine. Coupled with this is his demand that any Palestinian that wants to must be allowed to immigrate to Israel, right back to the villages their grandparents were living in before Israel was invaded by seven Arab armies. Anyone living there, just like the Jewish people in the West Bank, must be expelled. This massive immigration of Palestinians would also shift the demography of Israel to the point where Jews are no longer the majority. So there you have Arafat's demands, total dispossession and disenfranchisement of the Jewish people.



Since Arafat couldn't get Israel to agree to these insane demands through negotiations, he unleashed a second intefada. In an interview with French newspaper *Le Monde*, the head of Palestinian General Intelligence in the West Bank, Tawfiq Tirawi, said Arafat planned to initiate a campaign of violence after he failed to pressure Israel into accepting his demands at Camp David. Arafat expected

continued on page 7

by Jesse Weinberg, contributor

Theoretical



Does this seem odd to anyone else? You come to Hampshire now, take a bunch of courses in different subject areas. Then take a bunch more courses in your area of concentration. Then you do a "senior thesis." Yep, we're just another four-year liberal arts college now. On the plus side, we are lacking faculty in key areas, have a severe housing shortage that is only going to get worse, (trust me, they'll pack students in here to get the extra tuition) and now they supposedly want to screw with bell rings. Not to mention the flies. Makes you want to do something drastic, like transfer to UMASS or something.

KO-JI-MA! KO-JI-MA!

Went to the MLW show in Mahattan a couple weeks ago. We get ringside seats the night before, a show that starts forty-five minutes late, and an unscheduled Sandman appearance. You gotta love indy wrestling. Things I learned:

1. Japanese wrestlers are better than American wrestlers (well, I already knew that)
2. La Parka is still the coolest fat luchador. (sorry Silver King)
3. Dick Togo is a bad ass mof. (what broken ankle?)
4. Terry Funk reminds me of my grandfather (but my grandfather wouldn't take that unprotected pile-driver)

The highlight of the night, depending on who you asked, was Terry Funk nearly bleeding on us, Super Crazy and his 'package' tights, Dick 'MotherFucking' Togo in the house,

Satoshi Kojima's love of Tempura, Red doing his ode to Chris Gaines as high flying Tecamecindy worker Fuego Guerrero, or Ikuto Hidaka being a scrawny punk bastard with the second best hair in the Japanese indies. (number one is Toryumon's evil surfer Genki Horiguchi.)



Better sleazy indy hair? You be the judge.



Déjà vu

I went into Amherst to get my haircut, and I see a girl that I'm pretty sure is the same girl I was talking about in "Involuntary Celibacy a.k.a. Mt. Holyoke Girls are Hot" (from the *Omen* Volume 15, Issue 7, December 2000). She's matured nicely since my first semester. I think she was looking at me, or something, but probably was just trying to figure out why this weird Hampshire boy was staring at her. I doubt she recognized me, seeing as I have lost the red hair and gained the liberal arts goatee since the last time our paths crossed. It's just one of those weird coincidences that occupy your mind during a PVTA bus ride.

JUST ANOTHER FOUR YEAR COLLEGE

WARI HUH! GOD GOD Y'ALL (WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR)

"In this debate, the American people seem to have a better understanding of the Constitution than those who are elected to represent them. Perhaps it is that their understanding of the Constitution is not filtered through the prism of election year politics. For whatever reason, I believe that the American people have a better understanding of what the Senate is about to do, a greater respect for the inherent powers of the Constitution, and a greater comprehension of the far-reaching consequences of this resolution than do most of their leaders."

-(D) Sen. Robert C. Byrd-West Virginia, summing up my actual, non-sarcastic thoughts on the whole debate

Well, I've been polishing my bayonet just in case this day were to come. Good thing they got rid of the draft, right? Yeah, cause that'll last long. I know my father will be proud when I go off to war just like him. Then again, I think going to this school qualifies me for exemption from all military service. If it doesn't though, I won't complain. Cause really, if they start drafting, all the obnoxious people I have to put up with here will probably run to Canada, making my life at least a bit more pleasant.

Until Next Time

I'll be counting the days until Benoit/Angle v. TEAM CHEAT TO WIN 2K2.



EX-PATRIOTISM

by Justin Philpot, Columnist

It is becoming alarmingly clear to me that my rightful place in these United States is out of them. I may benefit from a robust economy inasmuch as I get subsidized student loans. There are times when I think to myself that paying my taxes isn't so bad, because at least a part of my money is going to help other people in similar situations attend the school of their choice. Hell, the money I pay in taxes is still less than the interest I'd accrue if my own loans weren't subsidized, so why bother worrying. Others should be so lucky, right?

I once got told to "chill out" and stop acting so "serious" when I suggested to some anonymous activists from this campus that maybe a more effective protest against US military action than burning an American flag would be to not pay taxes. The response was triggered, I believe, by a couple of realizations. The first realization, perhaps, was that this was not a novel idea. In fact, a much adored and respected Massachusetts resident had done just that, once upon a time. But he spent some time in jail as well, standing behind the courage of his convictions. Maybe when these anonymous activists considered the repercussions for this other viable option, and consequently realized the price

was too high for their convictions, they lashed out. Perhaps I'm merely being pompous.

The second realization may well have been that they had no taxes to pay.

I do have taxes to pay, as do most people who've worked the required number of hours and made enough money, by law, to qualify for this perk of representative democracy. With that money the government will do many, many things in my name. Gene research, cancer research, space and aeronautical research and even drug research will be conducted with my mandatory donation to the public coffers. I like research. I wish I were better at it. I don't mind paying other, capable people, through my government, to do worthwhile research. By worthwhile I mean research the findings of which I agree with: None of this green-monkey-gave-the-world-AIDS research. I want quality, cigarettes-cause-health-problems research.

Lets look at this from a consumer's point of view. Government research has shown that most Americans think in terms of value for their dollar, so lets take a look at what we're getting, besides research, for our dollar.¹

The Shuttle Program: NASA launches these highly specialized gliders into space using

reusable booster rockets and a giant gas tank. The glider returns to Earth after a long circular descent, causing no less than three sonic booms along the way. Sure it costs a lot, but we're learning a lot too. I love space. The idea of space enthralls me no end. I support this, and I encourage you to do so. Without the shuttle program we may never put a celebrity in space on our own. Like the last space race, we must rise triumphant over... over, er, less than full capitalism!

The School of the Americas: This is a small special operations school in Georgia with a very, very bad, if not entirely undeserved, reputation. It has been rumored that, besides ESL and a course entitled "How to Disperse that Unruly Mob that just keeps asking for Legitimate Government" The School of the Americas also teaches South American dictators how to stay in power through intimidation and torture. I read somewhere² that they were going to change the name to School for Anti-social Latin American Civic Leaders, but previous graduates felt that a name change would do a disservice to the valuable education they received in the hospitality of the southern US. Manuel Noriega was particularly

continued on next page

1 No actual government figures will follow. I did no research myself, and even made the bit about government research showing we think in terms of value for our dollar up. This, I think, I will call artistic license. It's only a little better than keeping hermetically sealed roadkill under my bed for an installation piece. That being said, the parts that aren't opinion are true - and you can look it up yourself.

2 Nope.

continued from previous page

eloquent.³

The United States Military: In all of its incarnations, the United States Military is by the far the largest single expenditure our government undertakes in any given fiscal year. We have bombers that cost more than a billion dollars a piece, and yet we have some of the worst high school test scores, weighted for international consideration, in the world. Basically, we're dumber, but we can still assert ourselves militarily over any and all continents and waterways. We may not understand what we're doing, but with twelve nuclear powered aircraft carriers, who is going to tell us to stop?

The Navy is in the midst of a recruitment drought. There simply aren't enough qualified candidates to fill all of the technology driven positions in the fleet. The military

receives funding every year to send people back to school, simply because they aren't smart enough to kill with the tools they're being given. Given the current hawkish stance of our president⁴ I have to say that I support no branch of the military, save one. The United States Coast Guard is the only branch of the military that has a mandate to save lives, not take them. That's enough for me.

With this information lets also consider what we do not get in return for our dollar. The US has no nationwide health care system. The government is cutting benefits for its employees at an alarming pace, while increasing spending and dwindling the social security surplus. Our government's intelligence and law enforcement offices have been shown to be corrupt, negligent, misinformed

EX-PATRIOTISM

and misguided in all manner of undertakings. Never should we have the head of the CIA claim ignorance. You're the head of the CIA; knowing is what my dollar is paying you for.

If you're unsatisfied with the quality of your service at a restaurant, you don't tip. You may even refuse to pay the bill. When quality merchandise is not available in a store, you shop elsewhere. I'm thinking of going in search of another government. This one no longer suits me. For the money I'm spending, I'm getting very little. I can watch the shuttle launch on satellite television from anywhere. I don't claim that other governments are better,⁵ but I'd like to shop around a little before I make my final decision. It is, after all, my right.



3 I've never understood why people would travel almost a full day to protest a school in Georgia when a) Harvard, b) Yale and c) Princeton are within spitting distance. In terms of producing terrible Presidents, all three of those are more than qualified.

4 Where did he go to school? Answer at right. (The correct answer is B.)

5 Actually, I think there are at least two, with most of Europe a very close third.

continued from page 4

Israel to crack under international pressure after only a very short period of time. Hamas, al-Aqsa Martyr's Brigade, PFLP, Warriors of the Return, Islamic Jihad and the DFLP were told to attack Israeli Jews. Arafat's Fatah party and even his own presidential guard Force 17 were recruited into the terror campaign. They shoot people to death riding buses, blow up people eating at restaurants and break into people's houses and murder children asleep in beds. One particularly morally depraved terrorist line up his sniper rifle's telescope with 10 month old

Shalhevet Pass's head and pulled the trigger on March 26, 2001, making her the youngest victim of Palestinian terror.

Arafat has left the people of Israel no choice, they have to defend themselves. To accept his demands would be suicide and at the same time to not fight back against Palestinian murder gangs would also be suicide. The Israeli Defense Force only entered the Palestinian Authority after an average of 15 Israelis were being murdered a day, climaxing with 29 people being massacred at a Passover seder. Israel is fighting a

ARAFAT'S WAR

war of no choice. They must defeat the terrorist cells or be killed by them. If the IDF did not act in the manner that it does, the 14,267 attacks listed in the beginning of this article would all have been successful. The average attack successfully carried out in Israel leaves 10 people dead and 50 injured. The math is very simple. Only when Arafat's regime puts down its guns and is willing to negotiate a settlement that recognizes the people of Israel's right to self-determination and to exist will there be peace.





BURNED OUT BEFORE I BEGIN

By Dorian Gittleman, contributor

Well, incase you had any doubts... I'm back, and writing in from good ol' Kentucky. Life is sweet but I have yet to generate any good material for Sex in the South, the new series from people not interesting enough to bring you Sex in the City. So instead, have a short story. No promises. XOXO to everyone at the Omen, and all affiliates. Extra XXs to Mod 80, the bi-pagan mod, Virginia and Anna.

Out of the car and into the street. She blinked, an automatic reaction to the temperamental summer sun, and shielded her eyes, both from the light, and her view of the house. The new house. Her approach was wary. To know a place you've never been. Very disconcerting.

The house was like the memory of a schizophrenic. Disjointed, awkward. All the right things in all the wrong places. A puzzle with more than one solution. Furniture rearranged, recovered. The room should be round, she kept telling herself, gazing around what she made out to be her bedroom. What is my bed doing against a wall?

"Come now, don't look so sad. It's only a place to sleep." The voice was quiet, familiar. She didn't want to recognize it. Her brain struggled against the reality, but in vain. He was back to get her.

"Do not tell me that my

esteemed parents dared to dole out our address, to you of all people."

"They would be far more likely to meet me at the driveway with a shotgun than a welcome mat."

"Perhaps. Little imp, little madman. How did you come to be here?" She glared at him with the little energy not drained by the house itself. He takes so much resisting, and weakness is her strength.

"I have my ways."

"The white pages?"

"Cancerous wretch. I will die of you." She spat at him.

"Perhaps." He grinned at her glare. At the entire of her, embodied by those dull watery brown eyes and a tender submitting mouth. She pouted. What a pleasure to see her pout. All her little defiances. Futile. Fully knowing their futility, still she struggled.

"Cancerous wretch. I will die of you." She spat at him.

"And I of you. Let us take pleasure in dying together." He reached for her hand, but she jerked it away, as if burned. The author reads her words and grimaces at the cliché, but continues. The man, the imp, seemed undeterred by the refusal of her hand. He grasps her hip, the curve of her buttock, and pulls her closer.

"I claim this territory in the name of France."

"Et si je meurs, tu prendras mon coeur et quand la lune

pleure, tout est bien."

"Ma petite, common est-ce que nous seul vivons? Je t'aime. Je dis que je t'aime et tu me defies, comme mon ennemi, quand tu sais que tu es mon amour. Tu n'es pas confus?"

"I am not. I am neither. You were not asked here and so I cast you out." Her arms, they had reached for the strength of his shoulders, instead, they sought the frailty of his neck. "I am no brave new world my darling. I am old and conquered many times already. There can be no fun had in me now. No.. look around. I am Poland, lost. No longer even defined. You would claim to be French, and you are conquered too. My bedroom can be Germany."

"This new bedroom you recognize but will not acknowledge?"

"Just the opposite actually."

"Escape. You can still be with me."

"My parents will be home soon. I promised to cook dinner, and I haven't even decided what to make." Some time while we weren't looking, they ended up outside the bedroom, in a kitchen with rosy woods and stainless steel.

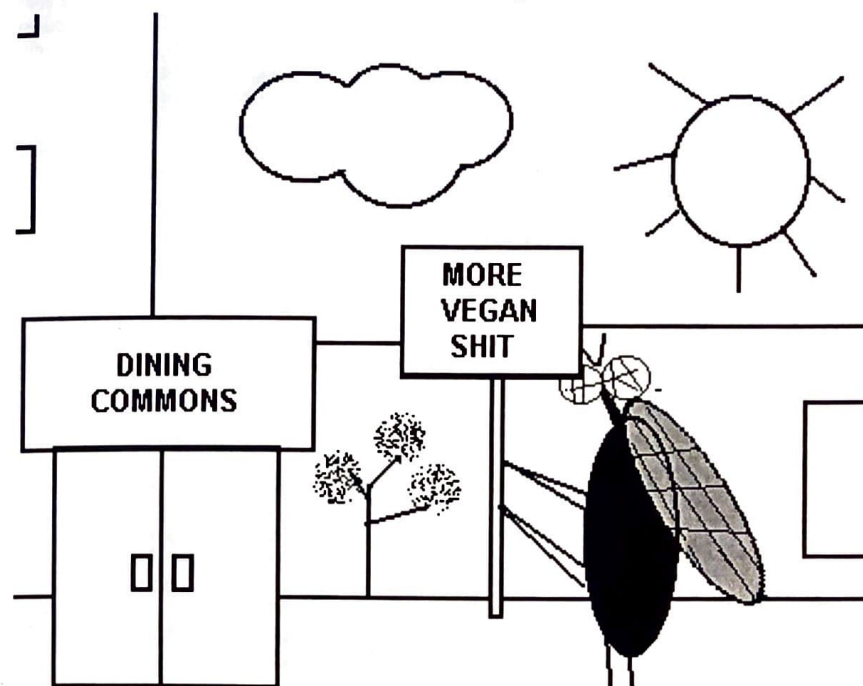
"Can I stay over?"

"Of course, if you will set the table and light the candles."

"We aren't going to pray are we?"

"We don't believe in prayer, let alone God." She set out the hunks of raw meat, and set her cleaver to them. She might have

PRETTY FLY (FOR A FLY)



by Karl Moore

continued from previous page

BURNED OUT BEFORE I BEGIN

been better suited for the gladiator pits of Rome, but the South and it's vegetarian allergy suited her well enough. "How infinitely practical." He found the utensils easily enough, and the plates, and the napkins. Strange, to watch her living an old life in a new place. He hoped, against all hope, to claim a life in this house if he could not take her away from it. If only to be the new element that would jerk her out of limbo. Once, he had been little more than a ghost. Visiting late in the night, not always speaking, motivations left a mystery. Haunting. No longer. He was alive and she was alive and there would be no shadows in the summer sun.

"Honey, we're home!"



JOLT ROUNDUP: OCTOBER 12

by Aaron Buchsbaum, columnist

Hey folks. As part of my community service requirement for Div II I'm writing a bi-weekly wrap-up of activity on the Daily Jolt. For those of you not quite in 'the know', the Daily Jolt is a web forum where random people can leave random posts (hampshire.dailyjolt.com). I pretty much stayed away from the Daily Jolt's questionable material last year, but now seem to have been inadvertently sucked into its fiery depths of anonymous opinions. In any event, I present to you my official Daily Jolt summary for the past 2 weeks (or thereabouts), and unequivocally prove the existence of an alternate universe.

Monday, September 30:

'Pablo', 'Pete-y', and 'mike greenwell' made successive posts at roughly 30 second increments. Topics ranged from the heart-warming "Chill bro, I thought of you" to prophetic strings such as "Mike remember this is a chat room", and later on incorporated slight existential nuances; e.g. "or....pancakes anytime". This brash of electronic vandalism began ca. 2pm, and was ended abruptly by a scathing message from Lemmy entitled "To Pablo, Mikey, and Pete-y".

Tuesday, October 1:

5:04 pm- 'Pablo', cleverly disguised as a robot Spaniard, begins a "Hampshire Chat 22" string. Associates 'Pete-y' and 'mike greenwell' again put forth a tirade of posts on topics such as James Lipton and ugly

hallmates. 'Kittydisaster' (eww, gross) rushes to admonish the Chatty Charlies at 5:51pm, and is soon followed by none other than Omen editor-in-chief 'Zole', who roundly denounces the three offenders as "trolls". Agree-ment ensues in 4 responses. In the wee-hours of the night, Mystery man 'shel' (guest) humbly gives some advice to 'Lemmy' "The Wizard" Lemster on how to deal with troublesome posts and plugs an upcoming Mod 101 party.

Wednesday, October 2:

Political scandal erupted at T = 9:08am, with 'Alice B' (guest)'s bold statement "forum icons are racist". Concern is raised over the lack of a poorly drawn male or female African Americans, a concern which 'Lemmy' does not seem to share. Six out of nine responses agree with 'Lemmy', with two responses being generally agitated at everyone, and one final promise from 'Alice B' (guest) to show the entire thread to her advisor. (It's a community service thing.) In other news, 'Alf' (guest) wants to have an 80's dance.

Thursday, October 3:

Hampshire whores? Holy moly! According to a 12:03pm post entitled "Feminism and Prostitution", 'xXDarlaXx' is prepared to steam someone's butter for 100\$- or at least pop the weasel for 60\$. This alleged Div III wants some 'first-hand' experience in the fluid business to make her upcoming book a real splash. But are her prices too high? Our rational friend

'Lemmy' points out that, as a Div III, payment should instead be given to clients for helping with field research! Others, like 'guest name' (guest)', are obviously confused about how prostitution can be considered a feminist institution. Apparently it could "only be feminist in a very very limited and liberal sense", the kind with antonyms.

Friday, October 4:

Dateline- 3:34pm. 'Simon G.F.' (guest)'s "REALLY Weird Roommate" is bringing road-kill into their room. Oddly enough 'Simon G.F.' seems somewhat perturbed, as do the respective authors of ~18 response postings. A small debate about the actual legality of keeping dead animals in one's room ensues, but is generally drowned out by concerns over maggots. Some drunk guy posts incoherent jarble at 1:52am, and resident good-fella 'shel' says all those who partied at 101 are "dope". (T = 2:07am)

Saturday, October 5:

The artist apparently known as 'It'sArt' finally accounts for his questionable taxidermic activities, assuring us that the proper measures have been taken to prevent parasitic infestations. He believes that "Everyone needs to relax". However user 'MAudesse' remains unimpressed, and flagrantly demands that 'Simon G.F. (guest)' "Run over ['It'sArt']", then put him under his bed with the other specimens". Over in the Style section, several posts were made concerning the taxonomy

(not taxidermy) of attractive femme-fatales seen skulking about mod 89 and the "Bus Stop Swing". Whoa there buster. . .do I smell the Hampshire Hot List!?!?!?

Sunday, October 6:

Uh-oh! It's trouble in paradise when 'annoyed' (Guest)' begins kvetching about the "Hampshire Phone System". Three other frustrated Hamsters voice their discontent over busy circuits and voicemail woes. Their problems are genuinely compounded by 'also frustrated' (Guest)'s regretful acknowledgement that "we can't blame this one on the first years." Earlier in the morning- let's just say 11:28 am for argument's sake- 'PranksterGod' revels in the innovative "HAMP SHRINE!!!" i.e. the Post-Darwinian Cubist construct made entirely from HampFest tables and chairs accented by an inverted American flag. Ah yes, I can just smell the Must-be-a-Div-III jokes.

Monday, October 7:

Conversation once again bordered on the inane as 'curious' (Guest)' proposed some sort of "blind date thing" at Hampshire. Opinions diverged from there, with 'Periaeria' suggesting a campus-wide compatibility database and 'zanahoria' pushing a personals page in the ever-susceptible Omen. Other hot topics included "Flies on campus", where such species as "superflies", "radioactive mutant ninja flies", and "mother-fuckers" were discussed. General malcontent pervaded the string.

Tuesday, October 8:

User 'oncesmitten' proposes

an "intriguing list", to be made solely of individuals duly noted as 'intriguing'. The man-about-town 'Shel' is mentioned, along with some guy who drinks a shot of tequila every morning and chases it with raw eggs. On the political front 'feeling repressed' (guest)' believes the Camp Hamp counselors (a.k.a 'administration') are "a bunch of bush clones". S/he savagely beats at Hampshire Halloween, student parking, and pre-registration with a stick +2 repression-finder. Borderline-frivolous banter ensues over a 12 hour period with no apparent resolution. On a related note, 'JPMarxx' has no complaints with the "gooey selfish confines of the hampshire bubble".

Wednesday, October 9:

Holy Carpal Tunnel Syndrome, Bat-Man! User 'pete-y' reveals all! "I took a year of leave but I'm back in force. mike and pablo are the only guys i was friends with before I left." As you may recall, 'pete-y', 'pablo', and 'mike greenwell' have been leaving a fetid trail of web-ified smut on the Daily Jolt recently, and doing so with stringent anonymity. But suddenly comes a dashboard confessional: "I'm a first semester Div III living in dakin." Could this be the destruction of the group, a clever ploy by 'pete-y' to revel alone in the threesome's abject notoriety? Only sheer idiocy will tell. At 5:14pm 'SweetCat-' says "yay phys. plant" as does 'moose-man' at 7:57pm.

Thursday, October 10:

The computer hack and general no-goodnick 'Klez' virus takes the limelight around 11:37am 'Nina ChiaPet' com-

plaints of assorted "weird junk emails", seeking advice and consolation within the amiable confines of a Jolt posting. Our etymologically-challenged friend 'kittydisaster' says to get on the IT train to avoid walking into Formatz-ville. In the arts and leisure section, "Adam" is eaten by user 'Plump Apple Core' ("adam is fantastic. *chomp*", 10:40pm) and the moral infallibilities of an "Invite Only Hampshire Halloween" are calmly discussed.

Friday, October 11:

About 3:41am, 'Guest name' (Guest)' opens up a can of "fuck-ing daschle, we're going to war". Lemmy expresses his laments 7:30ish, but also points out there is technically no war yet. Later in the day, a surprisingly cogent and reasonable post from 'Guest name' (Guest)' speaks tragically of the tattered shreds of how a "noble american spirit that cherishes democracy, equality, and fraternity. . . gets buried in filth". In similarly disparaging news, 'Leathan' needs a new bike.

Saturday, October 12:

Looking to move off campus? User 'Sivan' has a "Room Available NOW!", and for only 525\$ a month you can stay there for free! The bedroom, 1 of 3 found inside the house, is described as "nice" but may be prone to gratuitous acts of dog. Turning to the Personals, 'Guest name' (Guest)' is bored and wants to make out. 'abbreviatedman' gets first dibs at 1:11am, with propositions for secondary, tertiary and quaternary activity coming later in the day. As well, 'clotheshorse' needs pants.



THE INEXPLICABLE EXPLAINED

So, once again I found myself sitting at a table at Hampshire, possibly the most boring and useless of my recurring activities here at Camp Hamp. This time, fortunately, my pain was alleviated by sitting next to Omen editor Michael Zole. Zole had brought with him two back issues of the Omen, shockingly both ones I had not read before. Flipping through these issues brought back waves of nostalgia upon me and made me think about how many people here probably haven't heard a lot of the stories I have heard or witnessed. Story telling is a great tradition at Hampshire... my first and second years I was regaled with many a fine tale of exactly why such weird shit exists on this campus. Unfortunately this tradition seems to be going down the tubes, and so here I am, bravely reviving it. Or trying to at least. I have no idea if some of these stories are true, but my intention here is not to give a Hampshire history lesson, only to relate some of the interesting things that are told to explain why things are the way they are. In any case, if you either hate or love this school I hope there will be some interesting stuff for you to read below. If you don't care about it one way or the other... well, then I don't see why you'd care.

Now, I don't know what talk goes around the dorms these days, but back in my semesters on G3 there was a lot of confusion about the windmill in the middle of campus. For one thing, it's just a weird looking windmill. For another, it doesn't seem to have anything to do with Hampshire other than having a couple of pot

leaves - I mean Hampshire logos - painted onto it.

Now, I have no evidence to back up the tale I'm about to regale you with, but it's still interesting, and a rumor that deserves a long and healthy life. The story is that long ago in Hampshire history there was some damn hippie who was doing his or her Div III in making energy saving devices out of trash. This served the dual environmentalist purpose of recycling garbage and creating clean

energy sources. That windmill was the culmination of years of tortuous research and labor. Everything used to construct it (except maybe the wood) was thrown out by someone else. The design is much more space efficient than the standard bladed windmill, so that if someone wanted to make a whole lot of electricity they could pile a bunch of them into a single field. Also, the cut in half garbage cans catch wind better than the bladed kind, making the turbine spin quicker, making more power. And to top it all off, that windmill provides all of the power to the Enfield greenhouse. That windmill, a proud eyesore, is symbolic of all kinds of things Hampshire students need to keep in mind.

For one thing, it's a reminder that it is after all possible to leave a lasting mark on Hampshire, even if it is an ugly mark. For another, it's proof that some Hampshire students actually produce some-

thing useful while they're here. Offhand I'd say not more than 5% (Lord knows I haven't), but it's still heartening. And just in case you really need a third reason, that structure reminds us that most of the really brilliant inventions go completely ignored. As far as I know, that's the only windmill of its kind in existence.

While we're on the drive up to campus, that weird metal sculpture has an interesting story to it as well. While it's not quite as practical as the windmill, it too is the end result of a students Div III. This particular student was working on combining visual art with music, and ended up making a bizarre thing out of metal that someone

decided to stick out in front of the school where every prospective and their parents can see it, but no one can explain it. Well, kiddies, that thing is not only sculpture - it's an instrument as well! Each of the planes of the sculpture sounds a different tone when struck with a hard object (like a Hampshire student's head), and the whole thing comprises either an octave or a pentatonic scale. I can't remember which off the top of my head, but it's definitely one of those two. So if any of you circle drummers out there are feeling brave some day, try including the sculpture in your noise making. I've seen it played once, and I'd suggest having at least two people working on it.

The Yurt, at first glance to a first year, seems like a very functional

explainable thing. Since the radio project has taken it over that's absolutely the case, but the radio project is a very new thing. Before it came along the Yurt stood empty and useless, not even properly named (a true Yurt is a temporary structure, meant to be easily taken down and transported, then re-erected with a minimum of fuss. If the Mongol hordes had had yurts as solidly grounded as ours, they never would have conquered as much as they did). There was a lot of debate on campus when the radio project wanted exclusive use of the building. A lot of students complained that giving the space to just one group was unfair to the rest of the students and groups who might want to use that space for other kinds of things. In point of fact, however, the only thing I'd ever seen it being used for was as a hot box during the Spring Jam. Happily, the radio projects occupancy has not corrupted that tradition. Last year, with all the radio equipment in place, several enterprising pot heads got in, burned a whole lot of weed and got a fair percentage of our student body well and truly stoned. And with public safety standing ten feet away guarding the school sponsored beer garden no less! Ten minutes after a mass of hampsters stumbled out of the building, accompanied by a huge and odiferous cloud of smoke, a public safety officer calmly strolled over and locked it again without even a cursory glance at the offenders.

As to the flies on campus causing so much discussion this year. Well, we've always had them, though they've been worse the past two years due to warm weather. The reason we have them is because of where we are. Back when Hampshire was being built, the land chosen for it was

all swamp. Why build it there you ask? I don't know. It was the first in a long series of decisions made by boards and administrators that make no sense whatsoever, but are put into effect anyways. So anyhow, they drain the swamp and start building ugly things to hold classes and house people in. Well, needless to say draining a swamp doesn't just make it go away. Ever notice how when it rains it takes forever for the water to seep into the ground in the low lying sections? That's because the ground's already saturated, or close to it. What this means ecologically is that Hampshire did, and still does, breed flies. Flies thrive in swamps. It's their natural habitat. They breed in them like... well... flies. Or bunnies if you prefer. Interestingly enough, another thing that does well in swamps is frogs (a natural predator of flies... coincidence? Ask Lynn Miller). When the first class of students was attending classes in half-finished buildings it was not at all uncommon for a frog or several to hop on in and make themselves at home. The frogs were everywhere. In dorms, in classrooms, in the dining commons. They were so common that they became the official mascot of the school, which they still are even though no one knows it.

The Saga story will be short since many of you probably already know it and it's not terribly interesting. We all know that the real food providers are Sodexo-Marriott (a company which some student always figures out is an evil corporation half way through the year and starts a campaign against). The reason it's referred to as SAGA is because that is the name of the food company who ran the dining commons not before S-M, but before the people before them! Proof that despite

our claims at being on the cutting edge of events, we are in fact slower to accept change than a glacier.

And finally, speaking of Saga, there's that bench sitting outside of Merrill C. Most of you have probably sat on it, what with it's key location in the quad. And of those who have sat on it, many have probably marveled at it's plaque "Gareth sat here...", inscribed on bronze and screwed to the back support. I am proud to claim partial credit for that plaque. It was purchased by a group of Hampshire students as a graduation present for one Gareth Edel. Gareth was a true marvel of Hampshire college... for the first two years of my life here he could be found day or night, rain or shine sitting on that bench, smoking cigarettes and talking to whoever wandered by. I sought out his company many a time when avoiding my own work, and he's partly to blame for the persistence of my own cigarette habit. Once I saw him get up and go into Saga, only to return minutes later bearing a plate of chicken nuggets, a bowl of french fries, two ice cream sandwiches, a loaf of bread and Jacob Chabot who used to do dishes. He promptly sat back down and lit a cigarette.

And this, my little Hampshire and Hampshireettes, segues nicely into next week's article about people who deserve to be talked about. I will be putting fingers to keyboard once again to bring you tales, tall and short, of the people who shaped my early years. People whom I admired, high on worshipped, and who made so much of Hampshire what it is today. Until the time comes to flee screaming from my Div III once again main leavings.



Film Preservation Society

"Preserving cinematic history is our job!"

Greetings Omen Readers!

As acting president of the Film Preservation Society (FPS), I am excited to announce a very special collaboration FPS has struck up with the Omen. Over the next three issues, readers will be privy to an exclusive look at three films we are working on preserving for the future of these great United States.

Now FPS is not your mainstream, publicity hungry preservation society. You're not going to see any FPS 100 lists or any television specials hosted by well known celebrities. No! FPS is not about that. Preserving cinematic history is our business. Who are we to judge a good film from a bad? It takes a lot of effort and hard work to make a film. By saying *The Legend of Bagger Vance* is better than *Tin Cup* only undermines the blood, sweat, and tears it takes to make a motion picture.

Many have criticized FPS for our approach in preserving cinematic history. Some have labeled our actions as, and I quote, 'renegade.' Now my friends do you remember the summer of 1987? The United States and the World were still recovering from *The Karate Kid Part II*, which was released the year previous. A year away from another sequel, the world was faced with a void. William Phelps' *North Shore* filled this void and allowed movie goers from the around the world to enjoy a *Karate Kid* inspired story about surfing. Now you may not remember this movie because, let's be honest, *The Karate Kid Part III* was a very good film and it made me forget about all films released before it. The scary thing is that during that summer of 1987, President Reagan was one step away from intervening and ordering Pat Morita, Ralph Macchio, and director Robert Mark Kamen to Camp David in order to start immediate production on *The Karate Kid Part III*. William Phelps, hero and patriot, called up President Reagan to tell him about *North Shore*. After a private screening, Reagan realized that Phelps' film would prevent mass hysteria and an unimaginable loss of life caused by a summer without a *Karate Kid*-esque film.

Back to these supposedly 'renegade' tactics. *North Shore* is just a distant memory now. For years, it has been unavailable on VHS and DVD. My friends this is a film of great national importance! A film that needs to be properly preserved by trained professionals! Just a month ago, FPS was tipped off to the existence of one copy of *North Shore* mistakenly filed away in a \$2.50 clearance bin at the Hadley, MA, Wal-Mart. Our rapid response team took quick action and within six hours *North Shore* was in the careful hands of FPS technicians. Now I cannot deny, the fear that must've been felt in that Wal-Mart when our FPS rapid response team burst in, clad in bio hazard suits and armed with tazer guns. I also cannot deny the fact that our 'intimidating' response team members may have scared some elderly store patrons, causing cardiac arrest. These things are the danger of this line of work. The loss of one life (or two) may be needed to ensure that films like *North Shore* are preserved for our children and our children's children. Well, I guess that's something for the courts to decide.

I hope you enjoy the next three issues of *The Omen*!

Best,

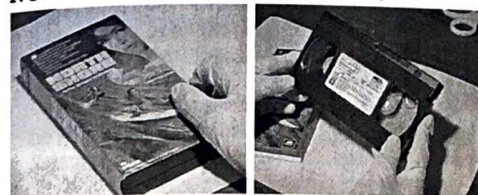
Richard Dixon

Richard Dixon
Acting President, FPS

film preservation society

October/November Film List

North Shore (USA, 1987)



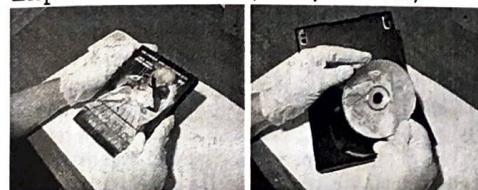
North Shore provides an unflinching portrait of surfing and race relations on the North Shore of Oahu.

Megiddo: The Omega Code 2 (USA, 2001)

Sure handed direction and breathtaking special effects help to create a prophetic film about the end of the world.



Expect to Die (USA, 2001)



A sobering vision of the future. Twenty times more powerful than *The Matrix*.

"I love my job! Preserving cinematic history is my business."

TECHNICIAN'S corner

Jason Holley
Chief FPS Technician



film preservation society

AMEN TO THE OMEN

by Joseph "Lemmy" Rosenbaum, contributor

I find myself complaining about a lot of things, so for a change of pace I thought I'd write a complimentary article. What could be so fantastically amazing as to warrant my demigodly graces? None other than my newest medium discovery, the very paper you are reading right now, the Omen!

The first time I picked up a copy of the Omen, I was impressed by the fact that Hampshire students were actually willing to take responsibility for their actions... or at least their words. This is something I wish would happen more often on the Jolt, for it makes the articles seem so much more authentic than when people post anonymously. I will accept any opinion as being reasonably valid as long as an author is willing to put their name behind it, even if I completely disagree with it.

In addition, the Omen will post any opinion unless it is deemed libelous. Hampshire students have many varied opinions, and it's create to see a medium that will accept all of them, unedited no less, aside from spelling and grammar. I hate those kind of errors (a particularly horrific email sticks in my mind: "dear lemy why are the kopas holding mands and hitting things"), so I'm all for making the articles more presentable as long as the message isn't changed. I was especially impressed by last week's edition, which included articles for and against Tom Doherty. Both articles were well-written and made some good points worthy of my consideration.

The Omen is good for a laugh now and then too, and I do enjoy giving my lungs some exercise. You get some humorous articles, such as the article about flirt training from last week, and some interesting graphical thingies, including last week's cover, which happened to go well with my fly article. Believe it or not, I even enjoy the Death to the Extremist cartoons. Although they're the only comics I've seen that are graphically worse than my own, they are still funny... somehow, sometimes.

I like to read Section Zole first... what can I say, I'm a video game freak. Zole seems very well informed about video games, and I enjoyed his discussion on the original Super Mario Brothers; of course, I already know all about that game. I am looking forward to more insightful gaming articles, but watch out Zole! Say anything bad about the Mario series, and I may have to come back at you with several pages about the games. Lemmy Koopa is one of Mario's enemies, and I didn't take the name because I disliked the games.

Finally, I don't mind the exposure the Jolt gets in the Omen. Sure, it hasn't all been good, but since I don't know anything about advertising and am still working on getting a business manager type person to help me out, I'll take anything I can get. Maybe it's just because of the recent offensive posts, but it seems that the Jolt gets mentioned fairly often. All I gotta do is figure out how to slip the URL into my articles, and I'll

be all set. For the record, Zole advertises on the Jolt all the time, so I guess it's fair enough, right?

I've heard talk about the Omen being criticized in the past for being racist or offensive or all kinds of other things. I'm not familiar with the specifics of the Omen's history, but I don't see how you can criticize the Omen itself of being anti- or pro-anything. As I mentioned earlier, the Omen accepts all articles, so if the Omen seems to present, say, an anti-Semitic bias, it's because that's what the Hampshire community expressed. If anything, then, you'd have to call Hampshire anti-Semitic, not the Omen. The Omen only has one staff member, and I'd have to say that Zole does a very good job of keeping things in perspective. Just as Zole has done before, if you don't agree with an opinion in the Omen, I invite you to send in your own. If I don't like your opinion I may get angry, but that's fine with me because I do my best work mad. I guess it gives me that special drive or something.

What we have here is an open, humorous, fair, and well-maintained newsletter. It's too bad I only discovered the Omen a few weeks ago, as I've already missed out on a whole year's worth. No matter, I'll just have to make up for it this year! I find out plenty of Omen stuff by attending the layout meetings. Hm, you'd think a roomful of people could edit ten pages of articles pretty quickly, but it somehow takes hours...



achewood

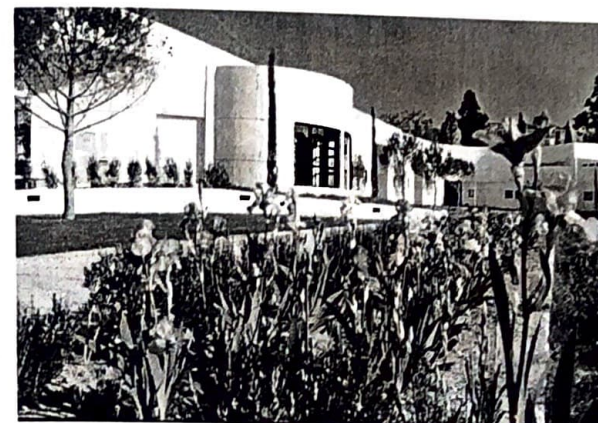
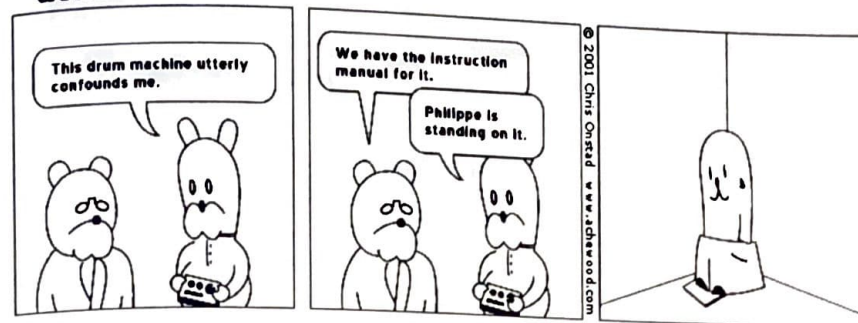


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achewood



THIS PAGE LAID OUT BY M. ZOLE TO FILL SPACE.
VISIT ACHEWOOD.COM FOR MORE ACHEWOOD.

18 October, 2002



Section ZOLE

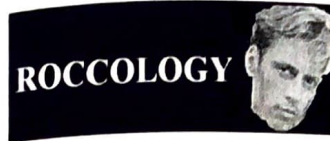


NO VIDEO GAMES THIS WEEK

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXVII

by M. Zole
www.zole.org

1	2	1	2	1	2
I'M GOING TO GET A BIG RAPPER HOUSE AND SAY "UH HUH. YEAH."		GIRLS WILL LIKE ME FOR MY RHYMING SKILLS AND ALSO MY DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD.		SOMEDAY I WILL BE A RAPPER.	
1	2	1	2	1	2
midila boodly-bwak bindle-o bindle-o bam shumle umbla-kwak		RAPPERS DON'T HAVE BASS PLAYERS.		CAN I DJ FOR YOU?	
1	2	1	2	1	2
		REALLY?		LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.	
1	2	1	2	1	2
				IT'S JUST NOT DONE.	



By Rocco Siffredi (Karl Moore), Columnist

Hello, Yes, Hampshire! It is I, former Associate the Professor HACU, Rocco Siffredi. Even I am not at Hampshire I like to check website and Jolter for news. Visit? Maybe sometime, yes.

See... what happens? Every person crazy becoming over Iraq situation. Lots debating! No thanks politics for me, unless it regard legal of the anal adventures or no. Like in my native *Italia*, if Parliament want make law of forbidding anal penetrate? Why, Why? For health? Is old Pope mad at Rocco for rectal pounding ridiculous? So going I will to Parlaiment, showing movies mine: *Rocco: Animal Trainer, Everybody Loves Rocco, Super Moto Hard...* soon, feeling cocks and forgive and forget. Next I try many States in South U.S. Sodomy no crime!



Slogan for spreading:
"Up the butt, no up the river."

Off subject, I think...What I say? Oh. As for Iraq: I just go back to what co-friend of mine Jill Kelly says:

"The Iraq problem, like most in the Mideast, is extraordinarily complex. So many colliding interests make a mutually satisfying conclusion next to impossible. The cruel, casual irony in this is the people most affected by the outcome, the Iraqi people, have no say at all either way. Oh, Rocco, pound me hard!"

So else what people say... economics of U.S. is shit? No surprise! Country is filled of lazy fat fucks, eating the King Wendy McDonald! If up to me, I go to his frying in Kentucky and kick in the ass of him. No one give anal love, no anything if not



slim! Understanding? Anal love for making more productive! Is cycle!

Someone send me copy of new *Omen* on *il faxo*. It talk much of flies. Oh yes, they are badding. On set of pornofilm, constant pest. Always

land on the lubricating oils, yes, making contaminate. So many, sometimes I use only the salivation. If film in tropical, is so worse. We get wonderous

quadruple penetration, and fly buzzing in frame! Frustrate! If land on rocky cock, is so tickle... taking concentration to ignore, oh yes. I read column of Zole, he talk of Mario brother Mario game. Fitting that pioneer of digital entertaining is Italian, Mario go! Only shame is no deep cocking in game, just turtle jumps and swimming in *calamari*. Is games old: *Custer's Revenge, Burning Desire*, have deep cocks, seek out Atari!

Before I leave States United, I see *Civil War* on PBS. Ken Burner is Hampshire graduate, yes? He is looking ass-poor. If women no knowing he is famous, he is not will get action. But, is good documentarian. I hear narrate say about brothel-houses in Civil Time- I like, but then they show picture! God, God, yes I am glad plastic surgery is. Old women pale lumpy like the ghost cow. Good, yes, they take out the fat, and tan all over skin, and make breast plump and so erect permanently!

Oh! They need me on set, yes! I will write later. Until time, pound ass and remember name.

Ciao, Hampshire!



ROCCOLOGY ON THE ROAD

SAGA GROSSOUT



By: Chris Fletcher

I WISH I COULD READ

by Karl Moore, Columnist

As Hampshire students, I know you're all busy people for the most part. I know you have little time to waste idly flipping through the channels. Therefore, I have compiled a list of all the finest television entertainment the nation has to offer.

Disney: Ch. 24 Depending on time of month, late at night you can catch Vault Disney—everything from old, old, black-and-white cartoons to prime Donald Duck.

Comedy Central: Ch. 98, Weeknights 10:30, 11 *South Park* remains brilliant, and the *Daily Show* continues its reign as the only source of televised news worth watching

Wrestling: (Various) Since the WWE (nee WWF) is currently the only outlet for those craving a weekly dose of "theatre at its most base," here's a schedule, along with what you can expect.

RAW: TNN Monday nights, 9 to 11.

This is wrestling you watched as a kid: old fellas that can't move and the talented youngsters that job to them. "Holy shit! The Undertaker's still around? He looks like Frankenstein's meth-lab guarding monster!" There are a few bright spots—Chris Jericho, The Hurricane, Rob Van Dam, and Edge, but you'll usually have to wade through a half-hour of Triple H promos and Bischoff-brand nonsense.

Smackdown: UPN Thursday nights, 8:00.

The A-List. Rey Mysterio,

Kurt Angle, Chris Benoit, Jaime Noble, and Tajiri. Consistently good matches, with a minimum of crap. But, be sure to keep the remote handy to mash down the mute button whenever Stephanie McMahon opens her mouth-yikes, what a screech.

Velocity: TNN Saturday nights, 10:00

Where they stick the mid-card-Billy Kidman, Randy Orton, Shannon Moore, etc. Fairly good, but with a hefty amount of recap from previous shows.

Heat: MTV Sunday Nights 7 PM

The "on deck" circle for wrestlers between RAW and Smackdown; it's also where old wrestlers go to die. Quality varies; for every RVD/Eddy match, there's a Mark Henry/Shawn Stasiak insomnia cure.

Afterburn: WGBB-40 12:05 Saturday Nights

Strictly a recap show. The host is fat. Pass.

Cartoon Network: The mother lode. Dragon Ball Z every weekday, and the weekends are stacked, with *Transformers: Armada* leading the charge. *Armada* sets the Autobot / Decepticon war in familiar territory—but with a twist. Optimus Prime and Megatron are still warring on Earth, not over energon, but Minicons—small robots that have the ability to significantly enhance the combat aptitudes of whomever they bond with. Optimus Prime is still a big truck, and Megatron is thankfully spared from the fates of his past three incarnations. He's not a T-Rex, not a gorilla, not a dragon—he's

a mother'lovin tank. That works for me. I always felt that robots that turned into animals looked re-goddamn-diculous. (The Dinobots, Insecticons, and Soundwave's cassette-bots are, of course, excluded.) How badass can you feel if you're a robot who turns into a cheetah, complete with fur? There's also some subplot about the kids who find the Minicons and the bullies who torment them, but hopefully it won't take precedence over big robots hammering the hell out of each other. The new He-Man is slightly less cool. I was unimpressed with the first episode, but I need to see more before I pass final judgment. Besides, the toys are great. Saturday night from 10 on there's Gundam and Cowboy Bebop to be had. Ah, but Sunday night is as close to a perfect night of television as has yet been devised by the mind of man. *Mission Hill*, *The Oblongs*, *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*, *Sealab 2021*, and *The Brak Show* are all by turns excellent, hilarious, hilarious and superb. And John Kricfalusi (creator of *Ren & Stimpy*, and the Internet-only *The Goddamn George Liquor Program*) is bringing his own brand of bug-eyed quivering genius soon with *The Ripping Friends*. After that it's *Space Ghost Coast to Coast*, the talk show leaving Conan, Letterman, Leno, and that smug Kilborn fuck in the dust with bruised egos and laser burns.

Food Network: Iron Chef (Friday at 10 PM) is one of only two shows worth your time,.

continued from previous page

Cooking mixed with competition floats my boat. And each of the Iron Chefs has their own distinct appeal. The stern machismo of Matsaharu Morimoto, the experienced calm of Hiroyuki Sakai, Matsuhiko Kobe's youthful exuberance, and the shy, sheepish charm of Chen Kenichi. Of course, at the head of the pack is Chairman Kaga, with his suave, brassy showmanship. And although it isn't a traditionally character-driven show, damned if Iron Chef isn't slash-worthy: "Sakai gently guided Kobe's head under the folds of his apron—Kobe feeling the French master's aged member slip inside his mouth, gently swelling, gently pulsing. He could taste a hint of the foie gras they had shared the night before."

Unfortunately, there is no IC slash that I know of. There is Sarah Moulton slash, by the way. I'm sorta surprised. That Rachel Ray is way, way hotter.

The other show? *Good Eats*, with Alton Brown on weeknights at 9 Alton is a dweeb, a dork, a milquetoast if you will. He's a fiend for exact measurements and procedures, but don't let that scare you—he's nowhere near the obsessive troll that is M... Mar... Marth... Martha Stewart. (crosses self) He's literate and funny, and fills his half hour with bits of etymology and food history, rather than telling you stupid stories about his family or pandering to an overweight, zombie-like audience. Every show is also a sort of skit—which might turn some of you off. I happen to enjoy them, as I'm a sucker for earnestly goofy TV.

Caveat: Stay away from programming featuring Bobby Flay at all costs, unless you're the ghoulish sort that enjoys seeing a nice cut of meat or fish die a horrible, vinaigrette-soaked death.

Alas, one can't spend all one's time watching television. There are Halloween costumes to make, games of *Princess Maker 2* to play. Nevertheless...TV is your friend. TV is warm. Huddle around it in the coming months.



Fletcher's Straight TALK



IT'S AMAZING TO THINK THAT THE MAJORITY OF OUR U.S. FOREIGN AID IS ILLEGAL!



HEY, I BREAK THE LAW EVERY DAY WHEN I SPEED ON THE WAY TO MY JOB—BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP ME!



MAN, SHIT IS WHACK!

by Chris Fletcher, contributor



GEEK LOVE

YO! 3DO RAPS

by Karl Moore, Columnist

References to video games and video game systems frequently pop up in rap verse. Everyone from the Notorious B.I.G. to Ice Cube to Trina has included a line or two praising one system or the other. However, they only tend to praise the more popular and successful consoles. This has recently troubled me, so I took the time to include the more obscure systems that have been passed over by hip-hoppers in the console wars.

Enjoy. Or not. (The hook I'm thinking of at the moment is the beginning of Red XIII's theme from Final Fantasy VII, about 1.5 times as fast and with a big ol' fat beat.)

"Console Warz"

I still can remember when I had dough
Droppin' seven c-notes on a 3DO.
Out of the green for food n' rent,
Couldn't even get a game 'cause it's all spent.

A couple hundred more got me a Sega CD
It could play all my music and some FMV
But ownin' that mess wasn't no walk in the park
Had to play shit like *Night Trap* and *Sewer Shark*

The preceding song contained many, many, references that those outside rap and video game fandom may not understand. Therefore, I have included the following glossary.

C-Notes: Hundred-dollar bills, C being the Roman numeral for 100 and notes referring to the Federal Reserve variety.

Sega CD: CD-Rom expansion for the Sega Genesis, available in top-loading and front-loading variants; it could also play audio CDs.

FMV: Acronym for Full Motion Video; Circa 1992, a revolutionary "buzz" concept (first touted on the Sega CD) that took advantage of the greater storage capacity of the CD medium. Several minutes of film or video could be compressed and

placed within a game context- from non-interactive intros and cutscenes to essential parts of the gameplay-essential, should you attempt to endure *Night Trap*, *Sewer Shark*, and *Kriss Kross/INXS/ MC Hammer/ C&C Music Factory Make Your Own Video*.

Rolls: Short for Rolls-Royce, a brand of English luxury cars famous for their hand-built engines.

CD-I: Contracted from CD-Interactive; electronics maker Phillips' first and only foray into the console market. It was hampered by its high cost and lack of quality software- the buying public was unimpressed with its library of "on the rails" FMV shooters and a port of *Dragon's Lair*.

DD (acronym significance

Chorus

Used to kick it in my Rolls
Then I got addicted to these damn consoles
Can't ever seem to find the best one
Can't wait 'till I can afford the next one.

It was kind of hard not to flex
When I topped my Genesis with a 32X
Opened all my windows so the neighbors could see me.

Sittin' down rackin' up points in *Kolibri*.

To his day I don't know why
I plunked down the cheddar for a CD-I
Philly cream cheese is ok for a snack
But the Phillips console venture- I know it's all wack.

Chorus

My bitches be whinin', wantin' stoles and minks
Good thing I got my Atari Lynx
Gotta beg and plead to get a handful of titty
But there's calm and comfort in my itty 16-bittie.

unknown): A hard-drive expansion for the N64 available only in Japan.

X-Band: Early attempt at an online gaming peripheral for the SNES and Genesis that allowed players across the country to be frustrated with laggy bouts of *Mortal Kombat II*.

Swerve: To seduce or entice the opposite sex; to mack.

WonderSwan: Black & White handheld system from mammoth Japanese toymaker Bandai.

Kanji: Written Japanese, derived from Chinese characters.

Copped (cop, to cop): To acquire, either by illicit or legitimate means.

TurboGrafx 16: 16-Bit console by Japanese electronics manufacturer NEC that never penetrated the US market, despite heavy promotion

continued from previous page

Looked for a DD for my N six-four
DD means "Double Drive" you see, it stores more
Alas it was only Japanese-compliant
And the only real game was *Dokin The Giant*.

Chorus

Tried to make it work with my X-Band modem
Couldn't pay the monthly fee so my ladies I hoed 'em
Pimpin' and pimpin' and oh my God,
Can't get my game on at that low a baud.

Caught a flight to Japan to get my swerve on
Came back with empty pockets and a WonderSwan.
Salesman tried to warn me but I didn't heed-
Kanji is mad, mad, hard to read.

Chorus

Mario is nice but Bonk looks mean
That why I copped a TurboGrafx 16
Graphics were smooth like Darius Rucker
But couldn't find games for the motherfucka.

I said that's Daruis Rucker not Gaiden
Speakin' of, Where's that Hootie fool been hidin'?
I can't find him, don't have a clue -oh,
He may have gone the way of the Turbo Duo.

Chorus

Neo Geo next but it broke my bank
Eight hundred-dollar console -

and advertising.

Rucker, Darius: Lead singer for mid-90s chart-toppers Hootie and the Blowfish; currently a solo act.

Darius Gaiden- Side-scrolling shooter from Taito characterized by fishes as level bosses.

Turbo Duo: NEC's CD Rom system following the TurboGrafx 16.

Neo Geo: Japanese arcade giant SNK's multi-game video cabinet and home system; both the console and game cards were quite expensive, but offered complete

fidelity to their arcade counterparts. Shooters and fighting games were considered the system's forte, due to its incredible sprite-pushing and scaling abilities.

SNK (Shin Nihon Kikaku="New Japan Planning") Now-defunct Japanese arcade game company, responsible for the Neo-Geo arcade and home systems.

O.G. Acronym for Original Gangsta (Gangster); someone who began as career criminal and crossed over into hip-hop. First popularized on the West Coast.

Yo! 3DO RAPS

what, they pulling a prank?
SNK I mean- now that's why they're defunct.
And two-hundred dollar games? Get out with that junk.

Don't even get me started on Neo Geo CD
Still too expensive for this O.G.
Yo, I can't save up I'm in a hurry
I'll have to pass on the next *Fatal Fury*.

Chorus

Ditched my Lynx for a Sega Nomad
TV tuner plus a Genesis, hell yeah it was bad.
Backlit screen made the thing run hot
Drained batteries like me downing a shot.

I say to my mama "What a drag you are-
I'll spend your prescription money on a Jaguar."
Got just one game- rocked the *AvP*,
Then made another mistake and got the Jag CD.

Chorus

Loved that 3-D shit so I got a Virtual Boy
Only two colors but I tried hard to enjoy
Mario Tennis rockin' red n' black
Twenty minutes later it felt like my head would crack.

No more consoles, yo- I'm busted for cash.
Now I be reduced to peddlin' my ass.
A lotta girls and guys I gotta lay
For a Sega Master System on EBay.



Cheddar: Money-so called because cheese, requiring large quantities of milk and significant hours of labor to produce, is quite expensive compared to other food commodities. And the most popular cheese sold in America is... lemme hear it...cheddar!

Flex: To display, i.e. "flex nuts" (display courage or gall), "flex on Ampex" (display rhyming skills on audiotape).

Kolibri: Side-scrolling shooter for the 32X that had you playing role of... a hummingbird. I'm serious.

COME BACK, ALLI! COME BACK, ALLI'S SISTER!

Once had this friend who had a moth living in her ear. She had just lay down to sleep when it sped towards her, getting caught in her hair and flying up her canal, fluttering and fighting all the way as she ran to the bathroom to find an instrument long enough to kill the bastard. Now if you were to ask her, it was the radiance of her golden hair that first attracted this auditory rapist, but I think she was always nervous that the moth could see through her ear to the light on the other side.

Her parents half-believed her, saying it would disintegrate soon, moths being things of dust and energy only, and it was a hassle to go to the doctor to remove it. Besides, any q-tip stuck up far enough to dislodge the insect would only result in serious injury. She was half-asleep anyway, she probably dreamed it.

Inside her ear, the moth happily fluttered in assent. She learned to spend most

of her life in the dark, away from strong direct light, for, she said, when the lights came on, the moth would flutter, either in appreciation or an attempt at escape she couldn't tell. When she went out she wore her

I'll come in and find her staring, hand outstretched above the light bulb, smiling dreamily.

hair down, a dark hat covered her ears. Every chance she got she would try to drown the bastard. She swam every day and took a ridiculous number of showers. She picked water gun fights with people, and had an impressive array of the neon-colored weapons on the wall, a challenge to any passer-by to take their shot.

About three months ago, I had a talk with her. I had just broken up with my boyfriend. She smiles suddenly, as if hearing a private joke. My face red and sticky with tears, I look, annoyed, at my afflicted freak of a friend.

"What?"
"At least I'll never be alone."
Late at night, across the

wall, I can hear her softly singing. I imagine her swaying her head rhythmically from side to side, smiling as the frantic scrape of moth against ear stills long enough so she can get some sleep.

I ask her sometimes if it's still there. She smiles like a pregnant woman. She scratches the back of her head.

"Thank god, they can't multiply in there, huh?"
"Are you gonna see the doctor?"

"Too much of a bother."
She no longer avoids the light. Lamps dot her room. I'll come in and find her staring, hand outstretched above the light bulb, smiling dreamily. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail.

The last time I saw her, she was drunk, and had climbed on top of a building in Enfield. She held a gray felt blanket outstretched behind her, and faced a beautiful sunset. I shouted at her to come down. She just looked at me.

Sometimes it's important to follow the sun.



by Chris Fletcher

STRAIGHT TALK



MY HEART

by Christopher Braak, contributor

Sometimes, the sky is this grim, dreary color. It's gray. Not a uniform gray, the kind of solid vault of gloom that you can just ignore. There are shades and striations; darker, more foreboding clouds looming on the horizon. Small little clumps of misery darting overhead. Always, it seems like it's on the verge of doing something. But it doesn't. No beautiful, delicate snowflakes fall, no cleansing rains. The sun and all its promise of hope and light fails to break through that omnipresent dullness.

This is the kind of weather that sad things happen in. Though, that's not really true. Actually, this is the kind of weather in which it is easy to be sad. This is the kind of weather where even the really strong people find themselves overcome by that smooth, dull, aching melancholia that creeps in through the corners of the eyes. It aches in the back of the throat, above the soft palette. It aches, but on the inside.

When that misery comes, it is palpable. I feel like I'm walking through a thick, icy fog. Not cold enough to freeze, just cold enough that I sometimes shiver, that I can never get comfortable. My limbs feel heavy. Not just that they're made of lead, that it takes so much strength to move them, but that they've betrayed my will, and are defying me by crawling down through that awful, miserable fog towards the ground. My body is trying

to sink into the dirt.

There's not a whole lot to do about that. Color and beauty are leeches from the world. My body itself refuses me. So, I surrender. I'm not a strong person at the best of times—at times like this, when the weather is gray, I have no recourse.

I surrender, and I lie down, and I let that thick, leaden misery drag me away. I hope that eventually the strain will be too much to

bear, and my life itself will simply give up, that my ghost will relinquish its tenuous, clingy hold and flee from the earthbound gravity of life.

So, I lie down. And it's quiet. No muscle moves. I try to sink into the ground, letting myself melt away.

And that's when I hear it. Thud. A deep, bass thumping, somewhere in my ears.

Thud. It's my heart. Still beating. Still solidly clumping away inside me. I can feel it pounding in my ears, grinding away in my chest. I don't want to hear it, really—I want to let myself go. But my heart refuses to give up. My stupid, miserable, traitor heart refuses to let go.

I try again; coax out the last of the tears. I let the ache of my gloom spread out to each and every inch of my body, dissolving muscle and bone and organs and nerves. Tear-

ing apart this muddy shell. I let my memory dissolve into sand, down and out into the earth, I let the sadness carry my mind away.

Thud.
It's still there. No matter how much I forget, no matter how much I try to give up,

It's still there. No matter how much I forget, no matter how much I try to give up, the damn thing won't stop. My heart beats.

the damn thing won't stop. My heart beats. I don't know why. It has nothing to look forward to. It gets no reward, no pat on the back, no cookie if it spends my life not giving up. And eventually, it will

break down. The muscles will give out, and ninety years of continual work will finally catch up to it. Exhaustion will claim it. But it still *doesn't stop*. It will keep beating away, crashing back and forth inside my chest, sounding in my ears, screeching at me, hurting me, denying me that gray peace, on and on for as long as it can. No matter what else happens, it won't stop. It won't falter, won't take so much as a break.

No matter how awful I feel, no matter how early I want to end it, that fist-sized clump of muscle will not yield until every last ounce of life has been drained from it. For this traitorous, steadfast strength I hate it.

And for the constant, unending rhythm it gives me, I cannot help but love.



TO WHOM IT PROBABLY DOESN'T CONCERN

Dear Mr. Editor-In-Chief,
Today I found myself in shopping for groceries in Stop & Shop, where I waited in line, behind several middle-aged women, at the fish counter. When my turn finally came, and the nice man asked, "How may I help you?" I asked for one mackerel. (I am the only person alive who actually enjoys eating mackerel. Except for my father, who also enjoys eating mackerel. He even eats the tail and the eyes, all with his fingers. It's a Filipino thing, perhaps.) As the man leaned down to get my fish, he said, "No offense, but you look really young." What the fuck was that? Really young for what, purchasing fish? Do I look too young to cook fish or consume it? Too young to like mackerel? No one likes it. "What?" He looked up and repeated, "No OFFENSE, but you LOOK really YOUNG." I wanted to ask him, what the fuck? But I smiled politely, and, though confused, I replied, "Uh, must be the hair." (My hair was in pony tails. The elastics had big blue roses attached. I dunno.) So what did he mean by that? And -- "no offense"? What offense? Being young is offensive? And I look it? I should have asked him, because I'm still thinking about it, and still confused, several hours later.

For god's sake, I'm 22. I

GRADUATED. I am OLD. I am enrolled in a graduate program whose demographic is, overwhelmingly, middle-aged women. I spend my Saturdays (the classes are on Saturdays) surrounded by people twice my age, all of them married, with kids. Most of them used to be lawyers, and the rest are professors' wives. (I can't be a former lawyer, because it would take too long to become and a lawyer

and then quit, and I can't be twice my age, because that would also take too long. But I'm keeping an eye out for a suitable professor.)

In addition to fishmongers spontaneously drawing attention to my youthfulness, the Omen has left my byline as "Christine Fernsebner Eslao, contributor."

even though other alumni contributors get bylines like, for example, "Regina Hughes, F98." Again, what the fuck? I graduated. I trudged through freezing mud to graduate! In the snow! (In May! Snow! What the fuck?)

Furthermore, of my two submissions for the previous issue, only one was published (and was appended the byline which I object to, above). In addition my rambling list of suggested reading materials for Div IIIs and post-Div IIIs (stupid people, and stupid people in recovery, respectively), I had also sent the Omen a short list of titles for Omen articles that I will never get around to writing. This was

conspicuously absent from the issue, much to my bewilderment. The Omen's open-submission policies demand that they publish anything whatsoever that they receive -- except in cases of libel or slander. (The unprinted article, while including a line of scabies-related humor, did not mention any specific individual as a bearer of scabies. And I could name several. We all could. But I refrained. So no libel there.)

This letter is now several times longer than the article whose absence I decry. I will spare you further expressions of indignation. Just print it already.

Sincerely,
Christine Fernsebner Eslao
F98, goddamnit

P.S. This other time I bought fish at Stop & Shop -- again, a single mackerel -- the guy, a different one than this time, asked me if I was cooking it for just myself, and I said, "Why, yes," and he replied that surely I could find some young man who would gladly take me out for dinner, indeed, many young men who would be willing. Again, what the fuck? ("WTF?" as the kids say nowadays.) Does Stop & Shop keep their employees on some sort of hallucinogenic substance that makes me appear young and attractive to them? Or does this happen when you've been looking at dead fish all day?



see next page. --ed.

UNTITLED

by Christine Eslao
who graduated this May

Usually, when I get around to writing an Omen article, the title is the last thing I come up with, if I come up with a title at all, instead of leaving the matter to the editor-in-chief's mercy (or lack thereof). However, recently an abundance of titles have occurred to me, but I can't seem to write anything suitable to put under them. So I offer the best of them to you, dear reader; appropriate them, or misappropriate them, as your whims dictate, for Omen articles, or whatever (is your Div III yet untitled?).

She Blinded Me With Whiteness

Never Look A Gift Horse In The Ass

*Maybe Some Other Time,
When You Don't Have Scabies*

*You Can Have The Omen When You
Pry It From My Cold Dead Fingers*

It's "R-A-T-E My Kitten Dot Com," You Pervert



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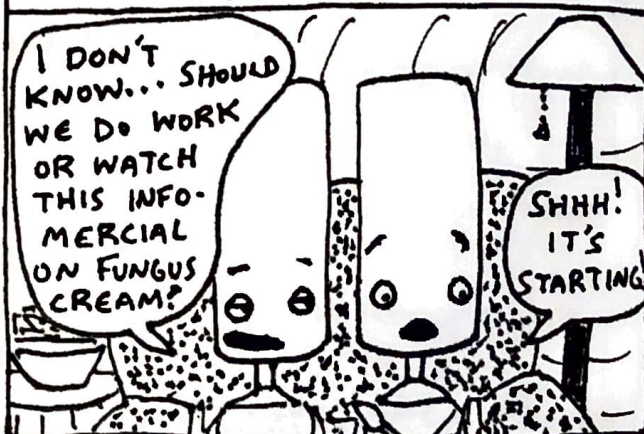
HAMPSHIRE



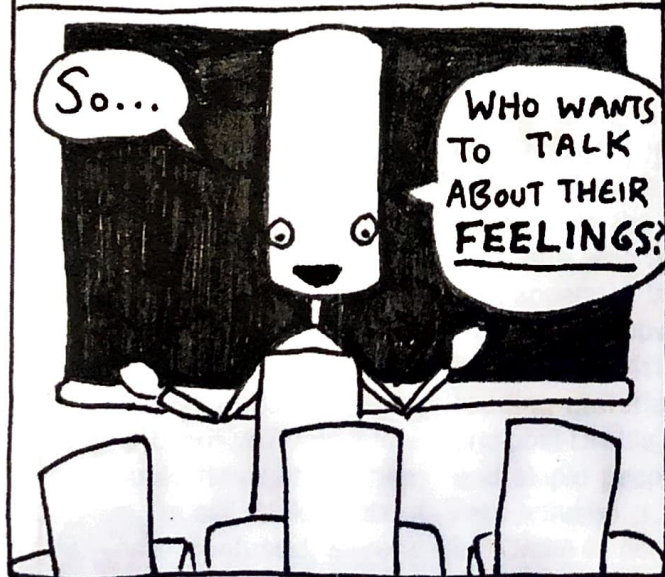
FOR ALL YOU FIRST YEARS OUT THERE, YOU MIGHT BE ASKING YOURSELVES IF YOU MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE WHEN PICKING HAMPSHIRE.



BUT NEVER FEAR! IT TAKES A WHILE TO GET USED TO THE SMELL, BUT ONCE YOU GET SETTLED, YOU CAN PLUNGE RIGHT INTO THE HAMPSHIRE LIFESTYLE.



NOT THAT IT'S EASY TO SLACK OFF HERE AT HAMPSHIRE. WE MAY NOT HAVE TO TAKE TESTS, BUT THERE ARE EQUALLY DISTURBING TECHNIQUES.



YET IN THE END, AFTER FOUR YEARS WE WILL REALLY HAVE AN EDUCATION WORTH SOMETHING!!!

